

GERONIMO'S TRAVELS THROUGH TIME

Dear mouse friends, welcome to my latest journey through time! My pal Professor von Volt has taken us on some wild trips with his time-travel inventions . . .



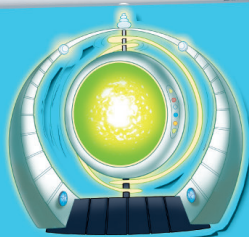
MOUSE MOVER 3000

The Mouse Mover 3000 was the professor's first time machine. We used it to visit the dinosaurs of prehistoric times, ancient Egypt, and medieval Europe!



RODENT RELOCATOR

The Rodent Relocator was a more advanced time machine. On this adventure, we saw Caesar's Rome, discovered the secrets of Mayan cities, and even danced in the palace of Versailles during the time of the Sun King!



PAW PRO PORTAL

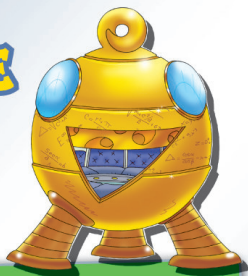
With the Paw Pro Portal, we reached the Ice Age, ancient Greece, and Renaissance Florence. We encountered some truly unforgettable rodents!



TAIL TRANSPORTER

This time, we traveled on board the Tail Transporter, which worked by dematerializing and rematerializing — a truly weird and unique experience! Squeak!

TRAVELERS ON THE FOURTH JOURNEY THROUGH TIME



Geronimo Stilton

Dear mouse friends, my name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton, and I am about to tell you about a truly fabumouse adventure! But first things first: Let me introduce you to my friends!

Wild Willie

An archaeologist and lover of adventure, Wild Willie calls himself a "treasure hunter." He's very athletic, and his true passion is solving mysteries.



Maya

A fascinating rodent, Maya is Wild Willie's cousin and an archaeology student. She loves all extreme sports and absolutely adores adventure!





Benjamin Stilton

Benjamin is my favorite nephew! He is so kindhearted and sweet. And his dream is to become a great journalist, just like me!

Bugsy Wugsy

Bugsy is Benjamin's best friend. She's an adventurous and energetic rodent... a bit too enthusiastic at times! But I must admit, she has a heart of solid gold.



PAWS VON VOLT

A genius inventor, Professor von Volt is devoted to all kinds of science experiments. His latest invention is the Tail Transporter, the time-travel machine we used for this trip!

ROBORAT-8

A small robot created by Professor von Volt, he is the onboard computer for the Tail Transporter. He chatters constantly and can be a little cheeky... but he can solve almost any problem!





ACHOO! ACHOO! AAAAACHOOO!

It was a **freezing** winter afternoon. I was sitting in my pawchair, **wrapped** in three blankets, seven pairs of pajamas, three sweaters, two pairs of socks, slippers, a fuzzy hat with a pom-pom, fuzzy earmuffs, a tail cover, and even **wool** long underwear!

New Mouse City felt like the tip of Coldcreeps



What beautiful snowflakes!

Zzzz...

Brrrrr...

Hooray!

Huff! Pant!

Let's make a snowmouse!

Brrrr...





Hey!

Whoosh!

I'm freezing my
tail off!

I love the snow!

It's colder than
iced cheese out
here!

Achoo!

ACHOO! ACHOO!



AAAAACHOOO!

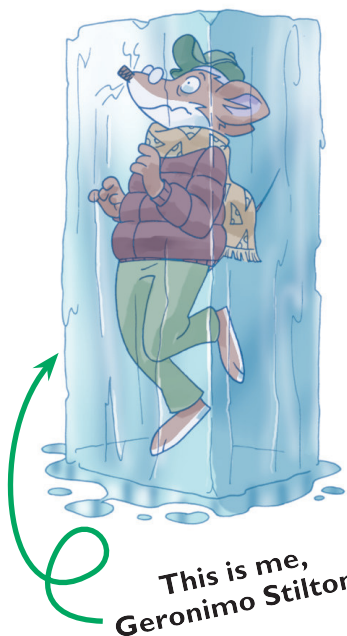
Peak. It was so **chilly** even a snowmouse would've put a coat on!

Despite the **cold** — and despite the fact that the mayor had told everyone to stay home — I tried to **go out**. It was my duty as a journalist.

You see, I am a very busy mouse. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island. But by now I'm sure you've figured out who I am: My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!*

Tuesday morning, I tried to get to the office, but the minute I stepped outside, I turned into an **ice cube!**

It took hours for me to thaw out again, and when I did, I discovered I'd caught the **WORST** cold of my life. That's why I was home in my



This is me,
Geronimo Stilton!

ACHOO! ACHOO!



AAAAACHOOO!

pawchair, all **BUNDLED UP**, when the telephone rang. It was my aunt Sweetfur.

“Helwow? Who’s dhere? Oh, hi, Aunt Sweetfur! What a nice surprise!” I said, sneezing.

“Oh, my dear little Gerrykins, you sound terrible!” Aunt Sweetfur exclaimed.

“You should take a steam bath with water from Brimstone Lake. It smells worse than **ROTTEN EGGS**, but it’s an excellent remedy!”

“A STEAM BATH?”

“Yes, so you can breathe in the hot vapors. Just cover your snout with a towel . . .” She began listing a bunch of home remedies. I **LISTENED** for a few minutes, said thank you, and hung up.

The phone immediately rang again. It was my cousin Trap.

“Helwow? Who’s dhere? Sdilton here, Geronibo Sdilton!”





“Cousin, what a nasty cold! You should take a hot bath with mud from the Sulfurous Swamp. It smells like **rotten fish**, but it works!”

“Bud from dhe Sulfurous Swamp?”

“No, you didn’t understand: I said *mud*!”

“I bnow, that’s whad I said: bud!”

“No, Cousin, I said *mud*!” Trap scolded me. “Try not to mess this up! If you get the **wrong** thing and the cure doesn’t work, don’t blame me!”

I thanked Trap and said that I understood — I just wasn’t able to **pronounce** the name because of my cold.

I had just hung up when the phone **rang** again. This time it was my sister, Thea. “My dear Gerry Berry, how are you? Aunt Sweetfur told me that you have a really bad **cold**,” she began. “You should drink some Mountain Mint Tea. The herb

ACHOO! ACHOO!



AAAAACHOOO!

only grows on the cliffs of Stinko Peak, and it smells like **rancid rubbish**, but it's a surefire cure!"

I thanked Thea for her concern, but I assured her that I didn't need any **SUREFIRE** cure. Especially not one that smelled like **rotten** eggs, **rotten** fish, or **rotten** garbage! I'd just wait for the cold to pass naturally.

The phone rang off the hook for the rest of the afternoon. I got calls from Tina Spicytail, who suggested I use hot compresses with stinkleaf that smelled like **rotten cabbage**, and Grandma Rose, who advised that I eat fresh algae, which is as slimy as a **GIANT SNAIL**.

My last call came from my grandfather, William Shortpaws. He



It smells like rancid rubbish!



It smells like rotten cabbage!



As slimy as a giant snail!

ACHOO! ACHOO!  AAAAAACHOOO!

didn't suggest any home remedies. Instead, he **SCOLDED** me. "Stop complaining, Grandson! Back in my day, I didn't let a **LITTLE COLD** get me down. I'd get to work even if I had to be driven in an ambulance and carried in on a stretcher!"

That was the conversation that made me realize I needed to take **drastic action**. I turned off my cell phone, unplugged the landline, unscrewed the doorbell, disconnected the intercom, and got into bed under a mountain of blankets.



ACHOO! ACHOO!



AAAAACHOOO!

You see, this was **MY** foolproof cure: curling up in my nice **warm** mouse hole and sleeping for three days in a row!

When I finally emerged from my burrow of blankets, I was completely healed. I looked out the window. The **sun** was shining, and even though it was winter, the streets of New Mouse City were crowded with rodents.

The cold front had passed!

I listened to my voice mail.

There were thirty phone calls from relatives and friends sharing their **surefire cures** for colds.

There were fifteen calls from Grandfather William, reminding me that he was a *real* editor with a true sense of duty, while I was **weaker** than a gooey strand of string cheese.

Finally, there were three messages from my old friend **Professor Paws von Volt** . . .